

THE ADVERTISER.

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W. W. BALL,
Proprietor.

LAURENS, S. C., Sept. 2, 1903.

Shall Salaries be Increased?

Thirteen years ago the howl that resounded through this state for reduction of salaries caused the marrow to freeze in the bones. The salary reducing advocates came into power and those of the said advocates who obtained the offices began to wriggle and squirm. Each and every reformer who held a position of power and authority saw a thousand reasons why the pay attached to his job was not too large. A little reducing was effected but it did not save in exceptional cases, last. The average of salaries was not lowered and soon in most cases where a little cutting was done the old scale was restored. The salary reducing cry of the campaigns of the early nineties was acknowledged to have been a humbug by the actions of those who were loudest in the clamor. In one place a serious cut was made. Salaries of supreme court judges were reduced to \$2800. Members of this court ought to be lawyers of the highest standing. A great lawyer, unless he is already rich, will not accept a place for \$2800. With the profound wisdom so eminently characteristic of South Carolina politicians the supreme court judges were, of course, selected for a docking in pay.

Meanwhile, we smell an effort which is being put forth with fairy-like delicacy, for a general elevation of salaries. In the News and Courier, one "A. K.", and a rarely shrewd lad is "A. K.", by the way, has been writing about the enormous expenses of "living in Columbia." He also expatiated, in sentences that would melt a stone quarry, about the expense of making the campaigns since the adoption of the primary system. Some months previous "A. K." argued in his correspondence that all state officers should live in Columbia. Whenever "A. K." tackles politics in his correspondence, there is something doing or about to be. We imagine that a few of the able and excellent office-holders around Columbia are hungry. They are falling behind in their grocery bills and telling "A. K." about it—in order that the legislature may hear.

One set of state officers, who get \$400, a year, seem to be fully satisfied with their salaries and hundreds want their jobs.

"A. K." omitted the strongest argument in favor of increasing salaries. It is that state officials cannot accept free passes in this state. Federal officials, congressmen and senators, who travel much beyond the state's borders, have their salaries materially increased by the railways.

We are, however, opposed to elevating the salaries of our officials. We fear that higher salaries would make better men run for office. The men in office now are good enough. We do not wish to live under an administration of saints.

According to "A. K.", all the present state officers are likely to seek reelection. This would indicate that they would not starve in the event of success for at least two years, with or without compensation. They will not run again for the honor of the office. Any man can squeeze an office dry of honor in one term. If these gentlemen are bent on seeking reelection at least until after their terms the question of higher salaries may safely rest.

In this connection, the people should rid themselves of the notion that a state officer is entitled to two terms. If the framers of the constitution had so believed, they would have made four years the term.

If for the imminent vacancy on the board of whiskey directors, to be filled by the legislature, a hundred candidates have offered, the compensation being about \$400, how many candidates would offer if the salary were raised to \$2000. In THE ADVERTISER'S opinion, not one additional. The candidates for the position on this board are seeking the sublime honor it carries.

Many Mills Closed.

For some time past, about half the cotton mills in the South have been shut down. The high prices of cotton are responsible. The prices of manufactured goods did not justify the purchase of cotton at the prices that prevailed. Every cotton mill that shut down lost money; by the disorganization of its labor and the loss of interest on the investment in its plant.

It seems to us that if the low prices of cotton last fall, seven and a half and eight cents, had been caused by a combination of Southern mills, those mills would have at least purchased enough cotton to keep their spindles and looms running until the marketing of another crop. However, some will believe in a combination of the mills, regardless of the evidence.

It is to be hoped that the price of cloth will go up sufficiently for all the idle mills to begin work again at an early day.

Are These the Boasters?

Abbeville county is situated between Anderson and Greenwood counties, which are filled with people given to boasting.—Abbeville Medium.

The Negro in the North.

Madison County in the mountains of North Carolina is a Republican county. Except within a mile of the court house negroes are not allowed to live. In Clive, Ohio, notices were posted last week that the negroes must leave. Towns and cities are numerous in the North and North West in which the negroes are not permitted to live. Nowhere in the North is the negro allowed to work on equal terms with the whites. When a negro is lynched in the South, it is due to the commission of a crime. When a negro is murdered in the North it is frequently due to his attempts to labor in competition with the whites. In the great cities of the North the negroes are suffered to do certain sorts of menial work but they are prevented from entering most fields of labor.

It is not on record that a negro was ever lynched or killed in the South for trying to earn a living.

Killings for that cause are not unknown in the North.

The negro may have no great opportunity in the South as compared with the white man's. He has none at all in the North. The moment that negroes endeavor in numbers to take up any line of industry, in the coal mines or the work-shops of the North, they are met by the armed white unions.

Except for an exceedingly small number of waiters and stable boys, cooks and chamber-maids, starvation and the grave, literally, are reserved for negro emigrants when they cross Mason and Dixon's line.

The Spartanburg Journal has been one of the most devoted of the Bryan champions. It has now reached the conclusion that the reelection of Roosevelt is inevitable next year. From The Journal's point of view, the conclusion is sound and logical. A consistent and persistent Bryanite has no ground for hope of Democratic success.

We do not think that the Honorable James T. Harris will pay \$25,000, for having examined the lady's trunk.

Eczema, scald head, hives, itchiness of the skin of any sort, instantly relieved, permanently cured. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

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Stock and poultry have few troubles which are not bowel and liver irregularities. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is a bowel and liver remedy for stock. It puts the organs of digestion in a perfect condition. Prominent American breeders and farmers keep their herds and flocks healthy by giving them an occasional dose of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine. In their feed. Any stock raiser may buy a 25-cent half-pound air-tight can of this medicine from his dealer and keep his stock in vigorous health for weeks. Dealers generally keep Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine. If yours does not, send 25 cents for a sample can to the manufacturers, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ROCHELLE, Ga., Jan. 30, 1902.
Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is the best I ever tried. Our stock was looking bad when you sent me the medicine and now they are getting so fine. They are looking 20 per cent. better.
S. P. BROOKINGTON.

Notice to Teachers

Teachers who expect to teach in the Laurens County Public Schools are hereby requested to have their certificates registered in the office of County Superintendent of Education before entering upon their work. Certificates over two years old are out of force and effect, and teachers holding such are advised to take advantage of the September examinations for certificates in order to avoid trouble and worry about drawing their salaries. Teachers who attended the Summer School will please present their certificates for renewal. Under the law no teacher can draw money without an up-to-date certificate.

CHARLES F. BROOKS,
County Supt. of Education.
August, 24—46.



SOME JEWELRY FACTS.

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THE GRIP OF HONOR

Cyrus Townsend Brady.
Author of "The Southerners," "In the West," "A Nest," Etc.
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CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTIVE CALLED.
IT WAS a long, hard pull, and only the great skill of the officer prevented their capsizing before the whaleboat finally drew near the Madison. The ship and the reef had at flood tide, and the waves had driven her farther on. Every mast and spar was gone, wrenched away by the storm and the waves. It was manifestly impossible to approach upon the weather side without staving the boat, so O'Neill cautiously rounded the stern of the wreck and briefly considered the situation.

It did not dare bring the boat near enough to enable him to leap upon the deck through some of the great gaping openings in the sides made by the tremendous battering of the massive spars, and he finally concluded that the only practicable access to the Madison was by means of some of the gear trailing over the side and writhing about, snake-like, in the water. Interesting the tiller of the whaleboat to old Price, the veteran gunner, he directed that it be brought alongside as close as possible, and at that moment, as they rose upon the crest of a wave, he sprang into the water and clutched desperately at a rope hanging over the side of the wreck.

The men swung the boat away from the ship instantly, and he found himself clinging to a small rope wildly tossed about in the tumultuous sea. He was dashed to and fro like a cork, the waves repeatedly broke over his head, the life was almost buffeted out of him, but he held on like grim death. Fortunately the other end of the rope was fast aboard.

With careful skill and husbanding his strength as much as possible he pulled himself along the rope through the water until he drew near the side of the ship. Then, though the operation was hazardous in the extreme, as he saw no other method, he began to pull himself up hand over hand on the rope along the side. In his already exhausted state and with the added weight of his wet, sodden clothing the effort was almost beyond his strength.

He endeavored by thrusting with his foot to keep himself from being beaten against the side by the waves, but without success, for when he had hardly reached the rail he was suddenly and breaker struck him fairly in the back and dashed his head against a piece of jagged timber, cutting a great gash in his forehead. Blood filled his eyes; his head swam; a sick, faint feeling filled his breast; he hesitated and nearly lost his grasp of the rope. The men in the whaleboat, who saw a little distance away his solitary, terrified apprehension; but, summoning all his resolution to his aid, he made a last desperate effort, breasted the rail and fell fainting prone upon the deck of the ship.

A few moments in the cold water which was flooding over it revived him somewhat, but he was not mentally to his feet and looked about him in bewilderment. The change from the tossing boat to the motionless rigidity of the vessel-broke was startling. There was not a sign of life on the ship. She was breaking up fast. Rails were stove in, boats were gone, three jagged stumps showed where the masts had been, and only the fact that she had been driven so high on the reefs prevented her from foundering at once. There was a dead body jammed under the starboard life rail forward, but no other sign of humanity. In front of him was a hatchway giving entrance to a small cabin, or cabin, the roof of which rose a few feet above the level of the deck.

As he stood there striving to recover himself in a brief lull in the storm he thought he heard a faint voice. It seemed to come from beneath him. He at once turned and, with uncertain steps, descended the hatchway. Reaching the deck below, he stood in a moment, brushing the blood from his eyes. As he gradually made out the details of the cabin, dimly illuminated by a skylight above, he saw a woman on her knees praying. She had her face buried in her hands and did not see him until he spoke to apprise her of his presence.

"Madam!" he began thickly. The woman raised her head with startled quickness and gave him one terrified glance. The glass had told him truly—she was beautiful and young as well, scarcely more than a girl apparently. Even the dim gray light could not hide those things. As for him, he was an awful looking spectacle—wet, hatless, his clothing torn, a great red wound in his forehead intensifying his pallor. He had a heavy pistol in his belt and a cutlass swinging at his side.

She stared at him in frightened silence and finally rose to her feet, deathly pale and apparently appalled. He saw that she was a little above the medium height. At the same moment from an obscure corner there rang out shriek after shriek, and another woman rushed forward, threw herself on the deck at his feet and fairly groveled before him.

"Oh, sir, for God's sake, sir," she cried frantically, "good Mr. Pirate, don't hang us, sir! We never hurt anybody. Oh, sir, take us away. We'll do anything, we'll—"

"Silence, you coward!" commanded the other woman imperiously. "Get up! Prayers are of no avail with such as we!"

"Nor are they necessary, madam," replied O'Neill. "We are not pirates, and I am come to save you and shall do it. Will you please come on deck?"

"I had rather gone down on the ship," said the girl defiantly, evidently disabbling her. "But you are here, and you are master. Give your orders, sir."

"Do you want here a moment while I take a look forward to assure myself," said O'Neill, stepping rapidly across the rails of rope about the decks and making a hasty inspection to make sure that no unfortunate was left. Quickly satisfying himself that they were gone, he returned to the quarter deck where the two women stood. He looked at them in some perplexity. It would be a matter of great difficulty to get them back in the boat, but he promptly determined upon his course of action. They would not like it, but that would be no matter.

Signing to the coxswain, old Price, the boat, which had been riding to a long rope from the ship, was skillfully brought alongside again as near as was safe. One end of a long piece of loose gear was thrown over to the boat, where it was made fast. A blight of the rope properly stoppered to prevent undue constriction was passed around the waist of the maid, at which all her terrors were assumed.

"Oh, for God's sake, for the love of heaven, as you have a mother or wife, do not hang us here! If we must die, let us down on the ship like good Christian people. Oh, please, good Mr. Pirate!"

But O'Neill was in no mood to pay attention to such trifling, and he immediately fastened the light around her waist, and, lifting her upon the rail, bade her jump. She clung to him with the tenacity of despair, crying and shrieking in the most frantic manner, until finally her overwrought nerves gave way and she fainted. That was just what he wanted. Singing out to old Price to haul in on the line, and having taken a turn around a belaying pin with his end of it, he promptly threw the girl into the water. Of course she was dragged under at once, but in a moment was lifted safely into the whaleboat, where she was shortly revived from unconsciousness by the ducking she had received.

"Now, madam, you see you need fear nothing," said O'Neill peremptorily.

"Oh, sir, for the love of heaven, sir, don't make us walk the plank. We would seem that the maid had been reading romances."

The seamen near enough to hear and see grinned largely at this exhibition, and the captain, with a deep flush and a black frown on his face, struggled to restrain himself.

"Silence, woman!" he cried fiercely at last. "Get up from your knees or, by heaven, I will have you thrown overboard, and you, madam, for what do you take me?"

"Are you not a pirate, sir?" she answered, hesitating. "They told me on the ship that you—"

"No pirate am I," interrupted the man proudly, laying his hand on his sword. "I am an officer and, with these gentlemen, am in the service of the United States of America, the new republic. This is the American Continental ship Ranger. You are as safe with us as you would be in your own parlor at home—safer in fact. There you would be surrounded by servants; here are men who would die to prevent harm coming to you. Is it not so, gentlemen?"

A deep chorus of "aye, aye," rang round the air. The captain continued with sudden heat:

"Fore God, madam, I don't understand how you could insult me with an offer of money!"

"Oh, sir," said the girl, visibly relieved, "they told me that you were a pirate and would murder us all. Are you not?"

"Captain John Paul Jones, at your service, madam," interrupted the little officer, with another bow, thrusting his hand in his bosom.

"Yes," said the young woman; "they said it would be you. Why, every news letter in the land describes you as—"

"Pirate, madam; say it. You have not hesitated to speak the word heretofore. A rebel—a traitor—a pirate," he said, throwing up his head proudly.

"This a penalty which one pays for fighting for freedom; but you, at least, shall be able to speak more honestly as to our character, for I pledge you my word you shall take no harm from us, though I doubt not my young gentlemen here will be raked fore and aft by the batteries of your bright eyes. Now, will you vouchsafe me your name and some of your story, that I may know with whom I have to do?"

"My name is Howard, sir, Elizabeth Howard," replied the girl, brightening as her fears diminished. "I am the ward of Admiral Lord Westbrooke, the governor of Scarborough castle. I have no father or mother."

"Another claim upon our consideration, madam."

"Sir, I thank you. I was going to visit friends in Liverpool when that unfortunate ship there was wrecked. Oh, what will become of me now?" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears again.

"Liverpool lies in our way, Mistress Howard, and I will give me great pleasure to land you upon some convenient point on the coast in a few days if the wind holds no unfavorable arise; and now may I present my officers to you, since we are to be fellow passengers?"

Upon receiving the desired permission from the grateful girl, in whose pale cheek the color began to come again, the captain, who was a great stickler for etiquette, brought forward the little group of officers and introduced them one by one. There was much bowing and courtesying at the quarter deck, which even the seamen seemed to enjoy.

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Of course it pinches us, but it is money to you.

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New Lot of Embroideries and Laces. Come to see us and save money.

Dial Corner. THE HUB.

below?" said the doctor, shaking his finger, as O'Neill, pale and languid, with his head bound up, came slowly up the companion way.

"Oh, I am all right, doctor," said the lieutenant, rather weakly, but smiling with the audacity and gallantry of his race as he spied the girl. "Who would stay below with divinity on the deck? The thought of the presence of this lady above him would lift a crusader from his tombstone."

"Allow me to present you in due form to Mistress Howard, Mr. O'Neill," said the captain, somewhat severely, evidently very desirous of observing the proprieties now.

"Sir," said the young girl, looking gratefully at the Irishman out of her wet eyes, "I thank you for a most gallant rescue, made doubly hard by my perversity and foolish apprehension, which this gentleman," bowing to the flattered captain, "has most kindly removed."

"'Twas a pleasure to serve you, madam. May I continue to enjoy it? We would sink another ship for such a good chance," said the Irishman lightly.

"Now, I propose to give up one of my cabins to Mistress Howard and her maid," said the captain; "and I presume that she will need to rest after the exciting incidents of the day until supper is served. If you are able, Mr. O'Neill, I should like to have you join us there, with Mistress Howard's permission, of course, since the ship is hers."

He smiled toward her, and when he smiled he was irresistible. "I am honored, sir," replied the girl graciously. "And I thank you. Captain, I shall be delighted," continued the young lady, laying her hand in his own as he led her aft to the cabin door in the bow of the ship.

She entered she turned and made a graceful courtesy; her glance swept toward the young lieutenant. O'Neill from that moment was no longer a captive—he was a slave.

"Gentlemen, good afternoon," she said, comprehending them in one brilliant look, and smiling again. It was enough that glance had given O'Neill any number of rivals.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years it defied all doctors and all remedies. But Bucklen's Arnica Salve had no trouble to cure him. Equally good for Burns, Bruises, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25 cents at Laurens Drug Co. and W. W. Dodson.

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A. L. HUDGENS,
Laurens, S. C.

C., N. & L. R. R.

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